

MY LASSIE.

And yet you know who my heart belongs to,
Whose sunny eyes are like the stars above,
No other love do I desire
My dainty lassie!

My lassie an' I read the self-same book,
As together we sit in the ingle nook;
She gives me money a lovin' look—
My bonny lassie!

My lassie is little an' I am tall—
Life's tale she's beginnin', while I ken it all;
But together we hark to the Masters' call—
I an' my lassie!

My lassie is winsome (an' sonny as well),
An' that's why she's dear to me;
I pray that we lang may together dwell—
I an' my lassie!

For she's my ain wee dancie, ye see,
An' that's why she's dear to me;
Dear Lord may we baith Thy glory see—
I an' my lassie!

—GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

ON THE CALIENTE TRIAL.

IN their weary journey across the barren mesa the travelers had suddenly come to a halt. What they had dreaded from the time they had left the stage-road station and set out on the trail had come to pass and they were sore distressed. Bad water and the insufferable heat of the desert had stretched Big Bunster out on his blankets, and he was talking about his mother and asking the others to break the news to her gently.

Bunster had not felt well when they left Flagstaff, but, like the well-meaning young idiot that he was, he persisted in facing the dangers of the trial with the others. So, as he grew less steady on his burro and the fever took a firmer hold upon his big, lazy body, his head drooped lower over the pommel, and Jim Yost, the guide and the only man of the whole six of them who really knew what danger the big fellow was in, determined to call a halt.

"I don't want to see him die in his saddle," Jim said in a whisper to Zach Rawlins, and unless we kin him inter more comfortable shape, he'll croak afore sundown."

So they paused in the shade of a mass of rocks, piled up in the fashion the Titans had of doing things in the days when the Grand Canon of the Colorado was young. And they were mightily glad to rest there, for to be stared out of countenance all day long by such a sun as only the great desert knows is enough to drive a man a long way toward a shady spot.

Big Bunster felt easier, but he knew he would die, he said, unless he could get a sip of decent water. He saw clearly enough that that was impossible, and so, in his lazy way, he was letting go of the strings of life.

"Don't wait for me to die, boys," he said; "keep along on your way or you will all drop down as I have done. I always was rather slow, and I want to take my own time dyin'. Don't stop for me." Then he looked up into Zach Rawlins' face and smiled one of the queerest, ghastliest smiles Zach had ever seen. And then Zach, who was the best and truest friend Big Bunster ever had, stuck his heels in the sand, and said it was a beastly shame that such a good fellow should come to such an end. He wanted to know why his miserable guide had led them so far out of the way, why they were here, forty miles from nowhere, and why the guide had promised to find a spring when he had known nothing of its existence, and why, in the name of all that was holy, something could not be done.

"Wal, yer needn't git so cursed riled," rasped out the grim Yost. "Nuthin' can be did now. Big Bunster go no further, or your man'll drop dead as that snake-skin thar. As it is he stands some show. We'll strike Caliente Trail afore dusk, when it gets cooler. It's right over thar," and the rugged Yost pointed with a knotty forefinger across a white expanse over which lines of heat were quivering as if the very air writhed under the pitiless fire from on high.

"What good will it do Bunster, if we do get there?" whispered someone.

"Good!" returned the guide; "why, thar's water four miles from that trail—if we kin get down to it."

"Get down to it!" Of course we will," spoke up Rawlins. "Cheer up, old man," he said, soothingly, to the parched Bunster, whose tongue was out and whose eyes were staring across the plain toward Caliente Trail; "there's water over there, and you shall have a good drink, my boy."

"Water—yes, I see it; it's sort of gray-blue, isn't it? Why thar's a great lake—what a sight!" and the thirst-plagued man gazed at the picture his distorted vision had conjured up, and, drawing in his tongue, he pressed his cracked lips together, as if gluing them to the brim of a glass full of the sparkling liquid, for which he would have given anything he possessed for one soul-satisfying swallow. His torture, and that of the friend who watched over him while he lay tossing on his blankets, was allayed to a degree a few hours later, when the fierce sun repented and the night stole slowly. As the evening air fanned his brow, Rawlins, riding by the side of his sick friend, made light of the day's mishaps, and even managed to joke about Big Bunster's burro being smaller than its rider, which joke seemed very near the truth, though it lacked heartiness.

The little caravan made its way to Caliente Trail and along it to one of the outer walls of the great canon, where it halted for the night.

Very early in the morning, before the sun had ceased his repentance, two of the men slung their canteens to their sides and started for the river, though Yost, after they had gone, said: "It's even chances 'bout them gittin' water—they mought and they moughtn't. Them air canon walls is mighty steep, but thar may be a place to git down somewheres along thar."

Clearly the sun had determined to be as wicked as ever; and when his scorching blistering rays reached the little camp on Caliente Trail, the men soon sought the shelter of the rocks. Rawlins made Bunster as comfortable as possible; but there was very little comfort to be enjoyed. The sick man wailed for water, and his purple face was an ugly sight for his friends to gaze upon, while he vigorously fanned with his hat the dry, hot air above his brow.

Hours passed. "Will they never come?" thought Rawlins; "why did I not go myself?" It was because I thought he might die while I was gone, and I wanted to stick by him to the end. Still I should have gone—I should have gone.

Another hour dragged its reluctant way along. It was nearly noon. There they were at last—the water-bearers. But why walked they so slowly? No doubt they were tired. Yes, they were tired and worn—nearly exhausted, in fact; their clothes were in tatters, and they were shamed and cowed by the heat and the lack of water. They had started from the walled-in stream with full canteens; but the ascent of the canon-side had been so toilsome, the heat so intense, and their thirst so great, that they had drunk every drop.

Ugly glances shot from Zach Rawlins' eyes at the recreant ones. His blood was up. He would go down to the stream, though it were guarded by fiery dragons and he would bring back a canteen full of water, and steep the heartless ones in their shame. Yes, Big Bunster should have the all-needed draught, if he had to go through fire; for it proved useless for Yost to tell him that a journey down to the water's edge in the cool of the morning and one made at midday were two very different things to undertake.

He jerked the canteen-strap over his shoulder and strode quickly away over the baked mesa, under the burning sun, and soon began the descent. From one great step of the rough, natural stairway to another he went, and at last he gained a point where he could look off and down into the canon's dark depths. Like a sinuous piece of steel, the river ran its way far below him, a strip of it visible here, and another there, and still another beyond, so that it seemed as if the stream burrowed through high, rocky barriers. Rawlins paused not to note the brilliant patches of color along the face of the great escarpment, and the sharply sketched chair-osture that marked the naked grandeur of the scene made no impress. He only saw, running swiftly at the base of the great walls which hemmed it in from human hand, the water for which the friend of his youth lay dying. The way down was difficult. He was almost stifled by the heat; he was tortured by an intolerable thirst; his clothing was torn by jagged rocks; he was struck at by rattlesnakes, and, as if all this were not enough, one of the soles of his boots had become so warped by the heat and so split by the rocks as to make his step unsafe.

In a fever of excitement, he finally reached the river's edge. He threw himself down by the brink and eagerly gulped the sparkling water. Then he filled the canteen and darted up the rocks. Fleet as had been his descent to the base of the canon wall, it had taken him nearly two hours to make it. It had been hard enough coming down, but now came the real work. So steep was the rocky escarpment that its ascent was one of great effort and peril, even for a strong man at early dawn, but for a weak man, at 2 in the afternoon, it was a fearful risk.

How intensely hot it was there on the canon-side. How scorchingly, unbearably hot! And yet he bore it. Though his whole body reeked with perspiration and his muscles were tightly drawn under the great strain, yet he passed only to pick his way among the rocks. He could not go up the way he had come down, for it was too steep.

Within an hour the demon Thirst had seized upon him again, clutching with fiery fingers at his throat until it seemed almost closed. So quickly were the bodily juices licked up by the sun, under such tremendous effort, that his very marrow seemed to have lost its fluid portion and his tongue to have turned to a chip. Now he was in the shadow of a great rock. How grateful was its shade! He paused for a moment. He scolded himself for his loss of time, but he felt that moment was one spent in heaven.

In passing through a great split in a rock, the canteen strap was cut, and down fell the precious vessel, with its still more precious contents. The stopper flew from its place and a splash of water steamed up from the burning rock on which it fell. Madly he jerked up the canteen. Thank God, only a little water had been wasted, and yet he reflected, as he replaced the cork, he would have given worlds to have sipped what had fallen. But he hastened on. The warped and split boot-sole finally cracked clean through, and he could feel the scorching heat of the rocks upon his naked flesh, for his stockings were quickly worn away.

It was now so hot that the rattlesnakes did not venture forth upon the rocks, so there was no longer any danger from them. The real danger now, as he viewed it, was that he would be able, but a short time longer to keep the neck of the canteen from his lips. The water had become warm, and yet it was his one source of revivification to place the flat side of the canteen against his sun-scorched face. This was at once a delight and a torture, for while the can cooled his flesh, the delicious huggle-guggle of the water nearly drove him mad. Thrice he stopped, uncorked the canteen and raised it to his lips, and then, pushing it from him by a mighty effort, he dashed wildly on. Soon he came to a place where the ascent was almost perpendicular, and where the heat was so stifling as almost close his nostrils. The way up was lined with cactus-scrubs, whose spines pierced his hands like red-hot needles when he grasped at something by which to haul himself up. The lit-

tle hands that darted into the patches of shade seemed to mock him, and his wistful gaze could be torn from the canteen only when it was absolutely necessary for him to see his way clear.

"What is his thirst to mine?" he moaned, as for the fourth time he uncorked the canteen. "He is living in the shade, and his brow is fanned by kindly hands, while I—I am burning."

Then the swollen, purple face of Bunster rose up before him, and he shoved the cork into the mouth of the canteen with a spasmodic effort that seemed almost superhuman. Again he toiled on—slowly now, for his strength seemed almost spent.

It was dreary waiting at the camp for the return of the water-bearer. Yost gazed for hours over the white ground in the direction of the canon, and, at last, he grimly gave up Zach Rawlins as a lost man, though he did not say so to his less experienced friends of the camp.

"No chance fur 'em when their feet slip on the rocks over them air cliffs, or when a rattlesnake nips 'em 'bove the boot-top. He's gone fur sartin'," muttered the guide. "We'll have to bury the big un' afore nightfall—fur he's most gone—an' then put back fur the stage-station afore we all drop. It's jist hell—this desert life, an' I've got my fill on it."

Then the ghost of a man, with tatters of clothes hanging from his form, darted into view around the rocks. Yost cursed the oncoming for cool relief runnings so hard under the burning sun. His legs seemed unsteady, for he reeled as he ran. It was fully a minute before the guide or any of them could realize that the advancing form was that of Rawlins, and in that minute the scare-crow figure had reached the couch where Big Bunster lay, and, uncorking the canteen, had shoved the neck of it into the nearly unconscious man's mouth.

"Drink, old man! It's water—good pure water! Drink hearty, and God bless you!" came in thin, peevish tones from between the blackened lips of the ghostly one. "Drink, drink!"

And the water-bearer fell beside his comrade. Great throbs shook his frame. His breath failed. His eyes became glazed and his dust-covered head, which had hours before lost its covering, sank down upon the sand. But in the rigid clasp of death his hand had held the canteen to his comrade's lips.

"Knocked out by the sun" was Yost's comment; "but he brought back a full canteen. Wal, I've seed lots on 'em, but I never seed one with his grit!"

They buried him by the rocks and wrote his name on a stake thrust in the sand at his head. And Bunster, who was coming out of death's shadow looked on and mourned.

That very evening came jingling along the trail a train of burros, led by a thick-set Mexican. There was plenty of good water in his casks and plenty of good food in his packs, and the travelers ate and drank and went their way toward Flagstaff in the Mexican company. And the sound of the tinkling bells on the burros' necks echoed from the rock under which Zach Rawlins lay and mocked his dull, cold ear.

"I've seed lots on 'em," repeated Yost, as he told the tale to the Mexican—"I've seed lots on 'em, but I never seed one with his grit!"—Frank B. Millard, in San Francisco Argonaut.

THE HEART-BROKEN BURGLAR.

The Unfortunate Experience of a Safe Blower.

"Look me up! Look me up!" he moaned, staggering into Hammond street police station and seizing the sergeant's arm with a convulsive grip. "Hey!" ejaculated the startled officer.

"Oh, sir, if you ever had a mother and loved that mother more dearly than all on earth, look me up! Cast me into a dungeon so deep that the light of day may never penetrate the confines of the granite-gloomed cell! I am heart-broken—heart broken!" and with a sob of sorrow the bent form fell upon the long bench.

"I am Blokey Bill, the burglar," he groaned between his sobs. "Yes, I, broken-hearted, fallen, unmanly, ruined, crushed—I am Blokey Bill! You look upon one who has drained the cup of misery to its dregs. I entered a grocery upon Pearl street to-night and after herculean exertions, drilled the safe full of holes and loaded it with explosives. Facing terrible dangers I worked on, muffling the safe, bracing my supports about it and just as the first streaks of the faint morning light shone in the east I lit the fuse."

"Ah," cried the sergeant, "you blew the safe, did you?"

"I did, oh miserable man that I am, I did."

"Ah! ha! And now, after the deed is done, repentance strikes you, does it? You have seen how evil is your life of crime and seek forgiveness, do you? you repent, hey?" cried the gleeful sergeant.

"Repent?—no!" yelled the burglar, wildly.

"What's the matter with you, then?" angrily demanded the officer.

"Matter? Matter enough! I worked ten hours straight on the blasted safe, skinned my knuckles and bruised my knees, broke a \$10 drill, used \$3 worth of explosives and got grease all over a \$15 suit of clothes, and then found out, when the plant went off, that the confounded thing hadn't been locked at all, was plumb empty and was just ready to be shipped to the shop for repairs. Oh, miserable man that I am! Woe is me! Look me up in your darkest cell; cast me into your deepest dungeon; kick me for an idiot; write me down an ass; bury me under oblivion's gloom; mark me down 'Lost Hog' and send me to Chicago to be torn to pieces by contesting claimants—anything—anything—now that the reputation of a lifetime has been blasted by one stroke! I am heart-broken—heart-broken!"

And the robber chieftain sobbed anew. Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

WANTED AN UNDERSTANDING.

Trying to Arrange Adulteration to Suit All Men.

An Illinois merchant who was taking baking powder in bulk from a Chicago firm called at headquarters the other day to say that there was something wrong with the goods.

"I don't think so," was the reply; "we make the best article sold in the west."

"I think we ought to have a more perfect understanding," continued the dealer. "Now, then, you adulterate before you send to me; then I adulterate before I ship; then the retailer adulterates before he sells, and the consumer can't be blamed for growling. I want to see if we can't agree on some schedule to be followed."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, suppose you put in ten per cent. of chalk; then I put in twenty per cent. of whitening; then the retailer puts in thirty per cent. of flour. That gives the consumer about forty per cent. of baking powder, and unless he's a born hog he'll be perfectly satisfied. You see, if you adulterate fifty per cent. on the start and I adulterate as much more, and the retailer adulterates as much more as both together, it's mighty hard for the consumer to tell whether he's investing in baking powder or putty. We must give him something for his money, if it's only chalk."—National Weekly.

A Work-Kneed Reason.

One of Ralph Burton's reasons for rejecting the principles of the People's party, is the fact that he fails to discover, in looking over the country, any of our recognized statesmen or great financiers espousing the cause. This is one of the old arguments brought forward by superficial minds as a reason for rejecting the Greenback theories away back in the '70's, and at this late day a suggestion of this character indicates clearly shallowness, a superficial judgment, for every student of political economy will admit that every age and political reform educates a new life of statesmen—brings to the front new men with new ideas in harmony with the demands of the hour. Take the history of this country and the men who have become famous were contemporary with certain principles then before the country, and they became prominent in the advocacy of those principles, and only famous after the attainment of the same. Think you that Wendell Phillips was considered a statesman when he and William Lloyd Garrison were being hounded by a mob in Boston? Charles Sumner was considered a very ordinary man—though a congressman, when he was assaulted by "Bully" Brooks in the house of representatives. Oh no; those men became great and were recognized as statesmen—as few men have been recognized when the principles they battled for had attained. It is so in every case in the battle for human progress—in fact everywhere in the battle of life. It is so in the field of invention, in science and in all the great fields of discovery. It is quite natural that men of prominence, men enjoying the confidence of their parties in official positions would be slow to want a change in conditions. They are satisfied to remain where they are, for are they not riding on the stage coach while the other fellows are pulling? Present conditions are good enough for them, and will continue so long as they can ride. If men will stop to think they can easily realize why the so-called statesmen of to-day do not readily take up with this people's movement. They all want to ride.—Alliance Tribune.

No Worthy Substitute Offers.

There are even now a number of good people wasting time and valuable newspaper space in an endeavor to devise some financial scheme to supplant the sub-treasury plan. While these efforts are no doubt honest they have so far been futile. The people have decided to push the sub-treasury plan to a final conclusion and will admit of no side tracks. Sixteen state Alliances have declared for the sub-treasury plan, and their action will be followed by all the others. There are also fully seven hundred papers advocating the plan vigorously and intelligently that cannot be taken from this position. In view of the force which the organization almost as a unit presents in favor of this plan, supplemented by the power of an aggressive press, it seems folly to waste time and energy in an attempt to introduce at the present time individual theories. The difficulty which waits upon a want of continuity of purpose on the part of many earnest reformers leads to a continual desire for something new and novel. In many cases a desire for personal notoriety induces others to strive to bring out some plan to which their names may be attached and thereby heralded throughout the country. There are others, however, who are seeking for something better, with an honest purpose of improving the conditions which have fallen upon the people. These different classes have had full sway during the past year, and the result has been to solidify more securely the Alliance upon the sub-treasury plan, and make the people more earnest in their demand for its adoption. In every instance where a substitute has been offered it has been rejected, and no one has succeeded in making the least impression on the order in favor of any other plan. Having stood the test so long and having a backing which no other reform measure in this country ever had, it seems unfortunate that all reformers cannot unite with the Alliance and push this measure to its final adoption. Plain duty to a discouraged people seems to dictate such a course.—National Economist.

The average French family embraces three members and the average Irish family five. In England the average number of members of a family is four.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Called from our Universities and Colleges.

STATE UNIVERSITY.

Weather signals are now displayed from the main building of the university.

One hundred visitors registered at the University during the month of October.

Visitors at the University are furnished a guide to conduct them through the buildings and to give information.

The University has provided a greenhouse, with a large collection of plants, for the use of botanical students.

In the University there are three open literary societies and six Greek letter societies, each of which meets once a week for social and literary culture.

To accommodate better the many students desiring to use the library in the evening, the University library is now open from seven to ten p. m. every evening of the school week.

The authorities of the State University have adopted the general plan of courses followed in the state university of Michigan. An increased number of courses will be provided and students will be allowed to elect their studies, with proper limits.

The University football eleven received a telegraphed invitation from the football team of the Minnesota State University to play at Minneapolis October 7. Only two days' notice was given, and the team was unable to make necessary preparations. The invitation was accepted for a later date.

CITY SCHOOLS.

Music is taught in the Lincoln high school.

Five hundred pupils are enrolled in the Red Cloud schools.

The enrollment for October in the Lincoln schools was 4,977.

The 600 pupils of the Aurora schools listened, November 2, to a talk by the chancellor of the State university.

GENERAL STATE NEWS.

York college will soon be completed.

The State Historical library contains 4,538 volumes.

Bellevue College has one Indian and one Chinese student.

10,535 teachers were employed in Nebraska schools in 1890.

The teachers of Lancaster county have a library of their own.

There are nearly 900 male students attending college in Nebraska.

An Episcopal college is to be built in Nebraska, probably at Kearney.

Otoe county has one hundred school districts and employs 148 teachers.

School boards are not required to furnish text books for non-resident pupils.

Examinations for state certificates will be held in Lincoln, December 28 to 29.

Mrs. Edith Bohannon has been appointed superintendent of Madison county schools.

The Everett society of the Wesleyan University furnishes a reading room for its members.

Reading circles have been organized in Nemaha, Douglas, Webster and Johnson counties.

The Lancaster County Teachers' association has a lady for president, Mrs. I. M. Hughes.

A Nebraska citizen recently said: "If I had \$100,000 to give away, a college would not get a cent of it."

The foundation of the Normal University at Lincoln, is laid, and the contract let for the superstructure.

After December 10 Nebraska will have another educational journal, the "American Educator," to be published at York.

President Prescott of Union College has been in Battle Creek, Michigan, and in other eastern cities in the interest of the college.

Eight Nebraska colleges were represented in the college conference of the Y. M. C. A. convention at Lincoln, November 5 to 8.

A souvenir of the Wesleyan University showing the buildings and departments, is being prepared by Chancellor Creighton for the patrons of the college.

The State Historical society is gathering and filing the Nebraska newspapers and collecting all the books, pamphlets and unpublished information that relate to Nebraska history.

The rooms and library of the State Historical society, in the main building of the State University, are open to the public on the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week from 2 to 5 o'clock.

The state association of the Congregational church, recently in session at Fremont, recommended that Gates college do the work of the Freshman and Sophomore years only. The recommendation was accepted by the Gates College authorities. Students from that college will continue their courses at Doane college or at the State University.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Kansas has 12,000 school teachers.

The first high school was established in Boston in 1821.

Two Japanese men graduated from American colleges this year.

256 of the 928 students at Boston university are women.

Of the 383 colleges in the United States, 237 are co-educational.

10,000 parishes, in England, have nothing but Church of England schools.

Massachusetts has 235 high schools, Ohio nearly 500 and Georgia not one.

The privileges of high schools, when first established, were granted to boys only.

In the thirteenth district schools of Paris, France, instruction is given in swimming.

Diplomas from the law department of the university of New York city were given to sixteen women this year.

The Geographical congress, which met recently in Berlin, took steps to prepare, on a proper scale, an atlas of the world.

There are no college papers, no oratorical or debating clubs, and none of the familiar American games in the universities of Germany.

Fall River, Mass., has perhaps the finest high school building in America. It cost nearly a million dollars, and was the gift of a wealthy lady resident as a memorial of her son.

For the second time in the history of London University, England, a girl this time, Miss E. C. Higgins, has passed the London matriculation examination at the head of the honor list.

By the free educational act, which went into force September 1, the private schools of England which are chiefly denominational, derive about 78 per cent. of their support from the government.

The presidents of Methodist colleges, in convention at Cleveland O., November 11, organized "The College association of the M. E. church," and adopted a memorial calling for a higher standard of scholarship in Methodist colleges.

According to the report of the superintendent of McPherson county, Kansas, the average salary in that county, paid male teachers last year was \$14.84, and this year, \$12.12. Female teachers were paid \$38.88 last year, and this year, \$38.94.

Statistics from the State Agricultural college of Kansas show the following facts: There are 478 students in the college; nearly 70 per cent. of them came direct from the farm to the college; nearly 50 per cent. of the students were born in the state, and about the same per cent. support themselves, wholly or in part.

The School expenses for the District of Columbia this year are estimated as follows:

Salaries of officers.....	\$11,620.00
" " 895 teachers.....	613,075.00
" " night ".....	6,000.00
Free text books and school supplies.....	85,000.00
Miscellaneous.....	430,376.00
Total.....	\$1,146,071.00

Dead Letter Office.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—Superintendent Leinhardt, of the dead letter office, in his annual report says, 8,269, 240 pieces of original dead mail matter were received during the year. This is an increase of 311,904 pieces over last year. Of the unclaimed and undelivered matter received 42,639 were letters misdirected. Of the undelivered letters 27,677 were entirely blank, bearing no superscription whatever. Many contained money, drafts, checks and other valuable commercial paper; 32,273 contained money amounting to \$47,983. Of these 21,183, or 70 per cent., containing \$35,759, were finally delivered to the owners, while 9,040, with \$11,223, were undelivered; 30,302 were found to contain drafts, checks, etc., representing \$1,862,293. Of this number 95 per cent. were finally restored to their owners; 3,166 contained lottery tickets. Of 3,716,482 letters received containing no enclosures, 1,569,319 were finally returned to the writers.

Left to Die.

TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 1.—The story that twenty men were left buried out of sight, but alive, under the fifth and mud of the landslide last Wednesday, by the Northern Pacific company's bosses, was confirmed today and is considered true. Officials of the company indignantly denied the story last night, but today a special correspondent sent to the mountains wires confirmation of it. It is said that no effort is being made to recover the bodies. Eye witnesses have been found who say the sight was blood curdling and the cruelty of it past understanding.

Apaches on the Warpath.

WILCOX, Ariz., Dec. 1.—The Apaches are again on the warpath and have committed several depredations. B. H. Daniels of Ontario, Canada, was killed and Mayor William L. Downing, who lives thirty miles south of this place, wounded, by Indians, who waited and shot them from ambush. Robbery was not the object of the murderers. This is the season when the red skins become uneasy, and it will be well for all citizens to look to their arms before more lives are lost. The military is taking every precaution to defend the settlers.

It Was a Horrible Sight.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Mrs. Edward Lyon went to the basement of her home today to thaw out a frozen water pipe. The woman's clothing took fire and she ran upstairs to the second floor and through the window to the fire escape balcony, where she shrieked wildly for help. No one seemed able to aid the woman and she stood in plain view of 5,000 horrified people while her clothing was consumed, her hair burned close to the scalp and her blackened, crisp, charred form exposed a horrible sickening spectacle.